

# The Prisoner of Halo

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Summary: A little story in which the Master Chief receives a little unexpected help in blowing up Halo.

## 1. The prelude

**\*\*Disclaimer:** I own nothing except the cardboard box I live in.**\*\***

**\*\*Prelude\*\***

The Forerunner known as Zukanee groaned as his personal alarm went off. Being one of the greatest and smartest races still had it's down points, one of them being lack of sleep. But, that is to be expected when you take on the honor, and the workload, of a Ship's Master. He had been greatly appreciative when he was first granted this privilege, but now that the promotion had handed him the full extent of the workload, well, now he wasn't too sure.

Zukanee's alarm went again, and he hit the intercom button. A voice crackled out, "Sorry to wake you, Ship Master, but we've reached our objective."

"Alright, I'll be right there." He snapped off the intercom, and stood up. Much like the rest of his race, he had brownish skin with his hair cut short, and was probably almost 6' 4". He quickly washed his face, moving gently over the many scars from the many campaigns he had fought. How else do you think one becomes a Ship's Master. He put on his many symbols of honor, to instill a sense of awe in the crew, and moved at a brisk pace to the elevator to the bridge.

The ship, The Sacred Flame, a recon ship, was not very big, and as such it did not take long to move to the command center, built in the middle of the ship. The ship had been only just made, this being its maiden voyage. Its first ever mission was to recon an orbital station that had dropped out of contact just after making an emergency call. The last transmission told of a new life form that had just been

found on the planet below, and that they were proceeding to investigate. After a little while, the emergency call had been sent out. It was a cacophony of screams.

Zukanee stepped onto the command center, and proceeded to walk to his place in the center. The second-in-command, one Bosh, saluted by banging his fist to his heart. "Sir!", he said as he saw the Ship's Master arrive.

"What is it? Anything to explain why they sent out an emergency call?", asked Zukanee.

"No, sir."

"Sir! We've picked an escape pod on the sensors. Preliminary scanners show no life forms aboard!", cried a tech officer.

"Let's draw it in and visually confirm it. I'm taking no chances of leaving crewman out here to die!", Zukanee calmly said, "Get an emergency fireteam down there as fast as possible, in case the thing that attacked them is trying to make a run for it." Little did he know that he was sending them to their deaths, and therefore sealed his own.

Soon the fireteam sat in the hangar, watching the escape craft being lowered down to them by gravity beams. They all stood ready but relaxed, thinking that nothing could be wrong. They could not be farther from the truth. The one who opened the hatch was first, and never knew what hit him. As soon as the hatch was opened, these things lunged out. They were like balloons, and popped like them too, resting on a bunch of tentacles. They lunged, and in one foul sweep took out all of the emergency fireteam. Then something else came out.

Watching from the cameras on the command center, Zukanee saw what he first thought were corpses fall out of the hatch. But then they began to walk. Not only walk, but leap high in the air as if to crush their enemies by weight alone. Then he saw them reach the lift to the command center.

He hoped against hope that they would not know how to work it, that they were too dumb. But activate it they did. The Ship Master had only enough time to retrieve his weapon and send a report detailing the creatures when the lift came.

In one swift movement the Forerunner command crew all turned to open fire as the things came running out of the elevator, but there were too many. Zukanee was attacked by one of the balloon things, and cried out as it sliced open his skin and slid something deep under it, heading it to his spine. The pain almost knocked him unconscious, but he fought his way back.

"If I go down, I'm taking you with me!", he cried. With his last ounce of strength he hit the engine override button. The whole ship, along with the newly discovered life form and any crew members still alive, exploded into its own miniature sun, and then was gone.

**\*\*Thus did the Forerunners discover their doom, the alien life form known as the Flood\*\***

## 2. Chapter 1: A Hero's Tale

**\*\*Disclaimer: I own nothing, zip, zero, nada, nil, zilch. Don't sue.\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 1: A Hero's Tale\*\***

**\*\*--On Halo, in the Library--\*\***

Darius paused to look at his surroundings. The Library was a very dark place, and he didn't like it. Anything could be sneaking up on him. Namely the Flood.

Darius shuddered. Even if combating it was what he was made for, it still managed to make his flesh crawl. The tactical analysts were amazed at the adaptability and efficiency of the alien parasite, for that is what it had to be. Apparently, the round, balloon-like things, named Infection forms, overrode sentient nervous systems, taking control and eventually taking up residence inside. They then would begin work mutating they host body, transforming it into a Combat form, as they were called. Later on, when the combat form became unusable or damaged, they would then transform into Carrier forms, an incubation chamber for more Infection forms.

Darius was one of seven "Guardians of Life", created by the Forerunners when the ship The Sacred Flame made first contact, not long after the ship blew. The Forerunners had used methods considered unorthodox by many, and as a result the seven Guardians were gifted with immortality (supposedly, though it had never been tested) and elemental powers: fire, water light, shadow, stone, thunder, and time. The Forerunners had equipped them well, giving them advanced armor and 7 "Masks of Power".

The Masks of Power came from a time not even the Forerunners can remember. The Forerunners found several tablets of stone along with the masks, deep under the surface of their homeworld, detailing their powers. They said that once a wearer was selected, the mask would stay with them even after death. Whatthat meant, none knew. So, the Forerunners had kept them hidden, fearing to use them in case such trust was wasted. But the discovery of the Flood seemed to be a good enough reason to use them.

Just in the middle of Darius's reminiscing, a clank of machinery suddenly echoed throughout the Library as the central elevator started to lower towards the floating Index in front of him. It seems that the Reclamer has finished the job, thought Darius. He had been waiting here for a while now, waiting for the Reclamer to retrieve the Index so that he could take it from him.

When the lift finally ground to a stop, the figure waiting on the platform hardly seemed to be surprised, was in fact facing him. Maybe his Class 12 battle suit had warned him that someone was waiting.

"Darius," the figure spoke, "Guardian of Time. I knew you would try to stop me."

"Well, you are trying to destroy life as we know it, which does run

contrary to the title 'Guardian of Life'. I'm afraid I'm gonna have to take the Index from you, which does seem a shame, cause you went through the whole Library to get here, fighting the Flood and who knows what else."

"And I can't let you do that, but if you insist on fighting, you are going to lose. In this battle suit, I can do things you couldn't even dream of doing."

"Do you think I care! I'm the last Guardian! Everyone else was captured or killed for all I know! I'm the last line of defense, so I have to fight you. If I run, then life doesn't stand a chance. At least there is the small possibility that I might beat you."

The Reclaimer shrugged, and spoke in a resigned voice, "Then so be it." Then he struck.

He moved impossibly fast, even when Darius slowed time (his elemental power), and was on him in milliseconds. Darius was barely able to dodge it, and when he tried to kick out at the Reclaimer, he blocked it with ease. He landed a blow on Darius, and even though it was a glancing blow, it still managed to send him halfway across the room. Darius picked himself up, and tried to use his mask, the Mask of Transformation.

He looked into the Reclaimer's mind, and picked out the thing he was most scared of (spiders, at which Darius allowed himself a small chuckle), and began the work necessary to start the transformation. But the Reclaimer was smarter than the average foe. He leaped across the room and interrupted the trance which comes when you activate a Mask of Power. It stopped the transformation, and confused him enough for the Reclaimer to be able to get a hand around Darius's neck. He lifted him up a foot from the floor, Darius held helpless.

"Sorry to disappoint you, Guardian, but you're not going to stop me."

"Not this time!", Darius said. He then brought his arm up, and slammed it right on the Reclaimer's elbow. A crack was heard, and the Reclaimer released him. Darius quickly got up and prepared for an assault. The Reclaimer was standing there with his arm held limply at his side, but otherwise seemed unfazed. He started towards Darius.

"You'll pay for that, Guardian!", he said.

"Yeah, probably.", Darius replied as he avoided a clumsy punch. Lucky for him the Reclaimer was off-balance from his broken arm, but he still was a formidable opponent. Then the Guardian began to take the offensive.

It started with some light punches, but then as the Reclaimer began to go on the defensive, the blows began to inflict some damage. Further and further the Reclaimer was pushed back, and Darius began to think that he would actually win this battle. That was his mistake. Too late he saw the glint in his opponent's eyes, too late he saw the subtle shift in his opponent's muscles. The Reclaimer leapt up and began to lash out, pushing the Guardian to a wall, denting the wall. The blows just kept coming, feeling like a meteor shower of fists. When the Reclaimer finally backed up, allowing him

to get a breath of air, Darius tasted blood. His last thought as the clinging blackness swelled around him was that he should have seen it coming.

The Reclaimer stood over his fallen enemy, and allowed the pain to flow in. It hurt, but not enough to black out. The Monitor of the installation, 343 Guilty Spark, floated in and hovered over the traitor's head.

"Hmmm...How unfortunate.", he chirped.

The Reclaimer ignored him, and asked, "Is there any place we can keep him? Somewhere in the Library? I don't want him loose to make more trouble."

"Of course. Please retrieve the Index and follow me." He followed the Reclaimer to the Index and took it from him as soon as it was out of the case. The Reclaimer knew this was proper procedure, but it irritated him that he couldn't take at least a second to look at the thing he had worked so hard to get. He banished such thoughts from his awareness, as they were dangerous to his mission. He then transported the rogue Guardian to the cell he would have for the rest of his life, however long, a cube of energy along the path the Reclaimer took not too long ago. He waited for the Monitor to release the energy, and threw him in. The Guardian woke up from the harsh treatment, and tried to get out before the energy shield was replaced, but he wasn't fast enough.

"Damn you, Reclaimer!", his muffled shout came to him, "This won't hold me forever!"

"Not forever, just long enough. We'll see if Guardians really are immortal," he smiled maliciously, "but I doubt it." Then he turned and allowed the Monitor to transport him to the control room, ignoring the muffled shouts from behind. A few seconds later the ring was activated, and all sentient species were consumed by the relentless wave of death. All except for 7 bright sparks of life illuminating the darkness left behind...

End  
file.